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Lancaster St., Opp. Jail, Stanford, Ky.

## A Rain of Fire.

Major Williams, of West Kansas,

who keeps the railroad house, gave a

Journal reporter the following interesting

account of a phenomenon that

occurred at the commencement of the

storm on Wednesday morning, about

1 o'clock:—

"I retired about 10 o'clock on Tuesday

night. I had been asleep about

two hours and a half, when I was

awakened by an outer door slamming

violently as if burst open by something

heavy thrown against it. I hurried

to close it, when, on looking out, I

saw a sight which I can never forget,

and which was so strange that I could

never have believed the like if I had

not seen it. The air all about the

house seemed to be filled with balls of

fire raining down from the clouds, the

brightness of which even the vivid

flashes of lightning could not hide.

I called my wife to witness the wild

and terrible scene, and we viewed the

phenomenon for about five minutes.

One ball of fire fell about twenty paces

distant, about the size of a pigeon's

egg, which was visible for quite a

while. I marked the place where it

fell as nearly as possible from where I

stood, but on account of the wind,

which blew almost with the force of a

hurricane and the rain, which had

begun to fall, I did not venture outside.

This morning, however, about 6 o'clock,

I went out and looked around carefully

for a long time for what might be

left, but found nothing."

Major Williams confessed that he

didn't expect much credence to be

given to his story, but said that "seeing

was believing."—[Kansas City Journal.

An Antidote for Elies.

Now, with the heat of Summer

and the recurrence of "fly time," it is

important to know how to get rid of the

pests that do so torment humanity, if

that be possible, or to abate the nuisance

if it can be abated. Upon this

theme, which is local, general, and, at

this time, all-pervading, we quote the

following from a letter written by a

lady, and it may be added, her testi-

mony is worthy of acceptance, in the

matter of a trial which is entirely

practicable, at the same time assuring

a pretty feature in household decoration:

"For three years," writes the

lady, "I have lived in a town, and during

that time my sitting-room has been

free from flies, three or four only

walking about my breakfast table,

while all my neighbors' rooms were

crowded with them. I often congratulated

myself on my escape, but never knew

the reason of it until a few days ago.

I then had occasion to move my goods

to another house, while I remained a few days longer.

Among other things moved were two

boxes of geraniums and calceolarias,

which stood in my window, being always

open to the full extent, top and bottom.

The boxes were not gone half an hour,

when my room was full of flies as those

around me. This, to me, is a new discovery,

and may serve to encourage others in

that which is always a source of pleasure—

## Won by a Sneeze.

In the month of May, 1878, there

happened in this city one of the most

estimable and accomplished young ladies

of the interior of the State, who

came for the purpose of shopping at

the store of Messrs. Gibson &amp; Cassell,

now Price, Cassell &amp; Co., on Main

street. She had closed her purchases

and was moving toward the front door,

when the bright sunlight caused her

to sneeze, and the sneeze was such

that she closed the effort with a bright,

ringing laugh, in which her sweet

melodious voice rang upon the air

delightfully. Just at that moment

there happened to be entering the

store a Baltimore junior partner of a

large dry goods house. By accident

he sneezed as he entered the door, and

the coincidence was such as to attract

the attention of both, and caused each

to take a second look at the other.

The matter rested then for several

months, except that the gentleman

asked the lady's name and, other im-

material questions. But that second

look had photographed upon his heart

a picture not easily forgotten. It re-

mained there, and hastened his business

return to this city, where he pro-

posed a 2-40 team, a mutual acquaintance

to introduce him, and put over a

beautiful pike in search of his Dul-

cinea. Time flew apace. A second,

a third, a fourth visit was made; a

correspondence ripened friendship in-

to love, and October 23rd is the day

fixed for the happy consummation.—

[Lexington Press.

The Egg Trick.

Although this trick may seem to

partake of the marvelous, it is, in fact,

very simple. An egg slightly indis-

posed will answer the purpose, if a

healthy one is not obtainable. First,

pass the egg around the audience to

convince them that it doesn't contain

a false bottom. Now, attract their

attention by relating a little story

about a hen in Oshkosh, that laid four

eggs on each week day, and seven on

Sunday. This will put the audience

in good humor. Then call upon a

young man with light trousers to as-

sist you in the trick. When he comes

upon the stage, motion him to a chair,

and, as he is in the act of sitting

down, deftly place the egg under him.

You will be astonished at the fluent

manner in which he quotes profane

history. In performing this trick, al-

ways select a small man to assist you,

as it will prove healthier—for the per-

former.

QUANTITY OF MATERIALS BUILD

ING.—According to the Northwest

ern Lumberman, 1,000 laths will cov-

er 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds

of nails put therein. Eight bushels

of good lime, 15 bushels of sand, and

1 bushel of hair will make enough

good mortar to plaster 100 square

yards. A cord of stone, 3 bushels of

lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay

100 cubic feet of wall. One thousand

shingles, laid 4 inches to the weather,

will cover 100 square feet of surface,

## A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publica-

tion without giving the editor thy

name, for thy name oftentimes secures

the publication of worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door

of a printing office; for he that an-

swereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve

and loseth time.

Never do thou loat about and knock

down type, or the boys will love thee

as they do the shade trees—when thou

leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy

on the printers' cases or the sharp and

hooked container thereof, or he may

knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news;

for behold it is his business to give it

to thee at the appointed time without

your asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask

him who is the author of an article,

for it is his duty to keep such things

unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take

heed unto thyself that thou dost not

look at what concerns thee not, for it

is not meet in the sight of good breed-

ing.

Neither examine thou the proof-

sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine

eye that thou mayst understand.

Thou shouldst not delude thyself

with the thought that thou hast saved

a few cents when thou hast secured a

dead-head copy of his paper; for whilst

the printer may smile and say it's all

right he will not forget thy mean-

ness.

Now it is that all sorts of flying

things visit the weary editor's sanctum

after nightfall, and make themselves

acquainted with his style of chiro-

graphy. Some of them are tiny little

things, scarcely as large as the point

of a darning needle, and others are as

large as a carbuncle and just as ugly.

They wander aimlessly over the table,

sit in platoons on the white paper,

gaze with knowing stare at the pile of

exchanges, buzz up and down here,

there and everywhere, never forget-

ting to visit the seeing and smelling

apparatus of the scribe, and finally

land in the lamp chimney. After get-

ting singed, they lay on their backs

and kick and drag their poor mutilated

bodies across the copy until it

looks like a newspaper war map. This

winged tribe were no doubt created

for some wise purpose, but for what

is not definitely known at this writing.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times is crus-

ading against the Ailanthus tree. It

says, among other things: "This tree

is very offensive when it is in blossom;

and it has been well ascertained that

it is poisonous and injurious to the

health. It brings on catarrh, fevers

and many diseases that spring from

poison breathed into the lungs. It is

a Chinese sumach, and it belongs to

the family of the sumachs which grow

wild in this country, and are very

poisonous, even to the touch. None

of these trees should be permitted to

stand in any well regulated city or

## Up Goes Grain.

Grain will not be so high this year,

we trust, as to make its price oppres-

sive to the needs of our own people,

but it will certainly be sufficient to

make producers and carriers reason-



The following addressed by the Rochester Union to the New York Democracy, is just as applicable to the Kentucky Democracy, who should show by a solid vote that they approve of the course of the Democratic Congress and bitterly frown down on the bayonet rule mapped out by the Republican members: "This issue is open, and the fight is on. Democrats can not shun either the one or the other if they would, and should not if they could. Not only the question of free elections, but the question of any election at all, also, is involved. For unless the people at the State elections of 1879 sustain the action of the Democratic Congress and frown down the boldly-avowed drift of the Republican party to centralization and despotism, and unless the two houses of the Democratic Congress are sustained in rejecting bayonet-chosen and fraudulent electoral votes in making the count of the next Presidency, elections by the people and free government will be at an end."

We learn from a Republican who was present at the meeting of the faithful on the first Monday, that Bobbitt appeared before them and begged them to make no nomination, assuring them that his election would be a victory for the Republicans, as it would break up the Democratic organization in the county. Judge Denny also took this view of it, and thereby hangs the tale of a failure to nominate. Of course the Janus-faced Bobbitt was a dyed in the wool Republican while before the meeting, so put no confidence in him when he boasts before a Democratic audience of his staunch Democratic principles. Recollect that he is all things to all men, and cast your vote for the honest Gooch, who knows none of the wily arts of a demagogue.

The Buford trial for the murder of Judge Elliott, is in progress at Owen-ton, and the probability is, that all the evidence will be in by to-morrow. The plea of the defense is insanity, and witnesses have been found who testify that Buford came from his mother's womb insane, that when a boy, he would get up in the night and "chaw tobacco and cuss" and medical experts have been discovered, who have no doubt of his insanity. Fine legal talent is employed on both sides, and by the time they are through, the ignorant jury will be so befuddled that they will be unable to approach even in the neighborhood of a judgment. The prospect is good, indeed, that the blood of Judge Elliott will go unavenged.

NEWSPAPER NOTES.—The Louisville Commercial was sold at auction on Tuesday to Genl. Eli H. Murray, for \$1,030, and a lien on the presses for \$1,900. It is understood that the purchase is in the interest of the old company, and that Col. Kelly will be at the helm as before.—The Washington County Clarion rises from the ashes of the Watchman, with Charles H. Booth as editor and proprietor. May he never run afoul of another return party.—It is understood that Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, of Newport, will purchase the Danville Tribune, and that his father will take charge of the paper. McKee finds the tread-mill business too confining for him.

BOBBITT, as County Attorney, let the railroads off from the payment of taxes for 1866 and 1877, and they now owe the county fifteen hundred dollars back taxes. If the amount had been collected the poor man's taxes would have been lighter. But Bobbitt claims to be the friend of the poor man, and shows that he is by making him pay and the railroad corporations, with millions of dollars, escape. A free pass is more to Bobbitt than all the poor men in the county—except when he wants their votes.

THERE have been six cases of Yellow Fever at Memphis, each of which resulted fatally, but the good news comes that there has not been a new case since Thursday last week, and should there be no further outbreak, the State Board will raise the quarantine next week. It is hardly safe to assume that all danger has ceased to exist; but, with the improved condition of Memphis and the lack of material, we can reasonably hope that there will be no further spread of the scourge.

HON. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Ohio, an ex-member of Congress, ex-United States Senator, and ex-Governor of Ohio, died last Friday at his Fruit Hill farm, near Chillicothe, O., of apoplexy. Fall of years and full of honors, his death will be deplored, even by his bitterest political enemies.

The approaching election will govern our representation in future Democratic Conventions, and it is therefore particularly desired that a full vote be polled. Let every body go to the polls, give the State ticket a lift, and score one for Gooch.

SENATOR BAYARD had finally sailed for Europe. Had his departure been before he strangled the Warner Silver Bill the country would have had cause for congratulation.

ONE witness testified that he thought Col. Tom Buford, the murderer of Judge Elliott, was insane, because he regarded almost all lawyers as rascals. If this is the standard, we can name dozens of insane men in this county.

## NEWS NOTES.

Fifteen persons died of sun-stroke in Charleston, S. C., last Sunday. Yellow fever is raging in Havana. One hundred and fourteen deaths occurred last week.

The issue of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards is greater so far, this year by \$271,866 than last year.

The Cincinnati Exposition will commence on the 10th of September, and continue until October 11th.

The State Teachers' Association will meet in Danville on the 12th of August, and continue in session three days.

From telegraphic reports, Wednesday was the hottest day this year. The thermometer at several points registered 105°.

One of the severest tempests ever known swept over a portion of Boston and vicinity, Wednesday, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

The Post and News, of Louisville, warmly urges the importance of the completion of the Knoxville Branch of the L. & N. R. R. to Knoxville.

The popularity of the postal card is shown by the fact that last year 221,807,000 were sold, equal to 5 for each inhabitant of the United States.

Tom Buford was once called on by "Many Voters" to make the race for the Legislature, and now some of these same voters swear that he came into the world a lunatic.

The receipts from all sources to the U. S. Treasury for the last fiscal year, were \$274,054,916 which is equal to \$2 per head on every man, woman and child in the land.

A statement just issued by the War Department, shows that the number of volunteers to the U. S. Army during the rebellion, was 2,678,967, of which number Kentucky gave 79,025.

One hundred and forty men were examined before twelve could be found, who, in this day of newspapers had not heard of the Buford-Elliott murder. A nice lot to try so important a case.

It is said that the President has offered the portfolio of the War Department, to Ex-Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, in view of a vacancy now to be made by the resignation of Secretary McCrary.

A young man named John Hines, a former employee of the L. & N. R. R. was killed in attempting to jump on a switch Engine Tuesday. The tender passed over him, cutting off his head and one leg.

The cowardly Cincinnati Gazette which dares not to assert that it is he, continues to ask the Blackburn, running for Governor of Kentucky, the same Blackburn that tried to introduce smallpox into Washington.

The soldier boys have returned from Brexhitt, with eight prisoners for the Louisville jail. Several of the prisoners got changes of raiment, others had their cases continued, so the Circuit Court was very dull and unprofitable.

The house of Jerry Caldwell, in Boyle, was robbed last Sunday, of a small amount of money while the family were at Church. Mr. Caldwell made attempts to find out the thieves, who, becoming enraged at his presumption, set fire to his barn and burned it. Several negroes have been arrested.

J. Eden Cook, Secretary of a Mutual Life Insurance Company of Louisville, has sued Capt. S. T. Wilson, General Agt. of the Southern Mutual Company, for \$25,000 damages, because, it is alleged that he said that Cook escaped punishment by a technicality when on trial for stealing a rate book from an Insurance Company.

John Breckinridge, colored, who brutally outraged Miss Xannie Berry, a young lady of 17, on Sunday morning last, as she was on her way to Church, was arrested and lodged in jail at Carlisle, but during the night a body of men battered down the door of the building and taking him to a neighboring bridge, tied one end of a rope to it, and the other around the negro's neck and swung him into eternity.

W. J. Shaw, an itinerant correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, who satisfies the appetites of the readers of that paper with terrible reports of murder, rapine and robbery in Kentucky, often more imaginatively than real, was traveling through Lee county, recently, when he was arrested by detectives for a horse thief, and kept bound hand and foot for four days. It turned out then that he wasn't the man wanted, but many people will be glad to know that he got that much punishment for driving his disreputable business.

Commissioner Raum has sent a circular to all Collectors of Internal Revenue in "booming" districts, informing them that, although the usual appropriations for the fees of United States Marshals have not been made by Congress, his office will not relax its efforts to suppress fraud by the seizure of illicit distilleries, and the prosecution of offenders. He directs Collectors to relieve as much as possible the Marshal from the embarrassments of his situation, and informs them that he proposes to give the necessary forces to execute the law.

## RELIGIOUS.

Rev. J. L. McKee's meeting at Winchester, has closed with ten additions to the Church.

Rev. T. A. Bracken will preach at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at night.

Rev. J. S. Sims will commence a protracted meeting at Hall's Gap Church next Monday night, at 8 o'clock.

The Madison (Ga.) Mailman says that Rev. Allen Clark, of the colored Baptist Church, baptized 108 persons last Sabbath in fifty-two minutes.

## GARRARD COUNTY.

## Lansdown.

THE BAND.—The Lancaster Cornet Band now holds public weekly meetings.

THE BATHING BRIGADE.—Keeps the waters of the Dix in perpetual motion these nights.

THE "BULL-FROG" CHORUS.—As given by our promising youth, entertains the midnight owls of the village.

DEATH OF A HORSE.—On Sunday morning a horse belonging to Mr. John Higgins died suddenly on the public square.

LOGGOMACHIE.—The game of Loggomachie has at last found its way here, and entertains its votaries during the hot evenings.

THE SICK.—Mrs. E. Simpson is improving in health.—The infant son of Mr. J. P. Sandifer is still in a critical condition; also an infant daughter of Dr. Mays.

CUTTING APPRAY.—During a slight altercation on Sunday night Mr. Wat. Arnold wounded Mr. Jack Hiett in the left eye with a knife, barely escaping the heart.

AND SOCIETY.—The Children's Aid Society of the Christian Sunday School is now regularly organized, and has on hand a quilt and such articles of handwork as will insure financial success.

PETTY THEFT.—Mr. George Bettis was robbed of \$4 by a little African. Exceedingly elated by this Captain Kidd treasure, the young contraband divided it up into nickels, which he presented to his booty compenrs. He was arrested, frightened within an inch of his life, and turned loose quaking.

HOP.—A band of Italian musicians arrived on Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Hurriedly a Hop was made up for the Hoffman House, about twenty persons being present. It was a most enjoyable affair. After the dance the remaining hours till daylight were devoted to serenading the citizens with the sweet strains of the harp and violin.

THE SPEECHES.—Last Thursday afternoon were warm in one way, if not in another. Cantrill made a good impression. Evans rather used Mr. Hayes, and predicted Grant and Tilden for the next Presidential tickets. Meanwhile, Grant seems to have become so mighty a lion abroad that his native eagle can no longer typify his soaring propensities. Dr. Blackburn made a brief address at the close.

THE POOR-HOUSE.—Enterprise is giving much trouble to our neighbors. A pleasant tract of land lying near Mr. A. C. Robinson's, on the Stanford place, was purchased for the erection of a suitable building. So far so good. But the highly respectable citizens living in the vicinity are wrought up to a frantic degree at the approach of so horrible a nuisance, and seem bent on finding a way out of the difficulty.

STORMS.—Two heavy rain storms this week have done something towards breaking the intense heat of the season. The gale of Wednesday evening (19th) blew down the smoke stack of the flour mill at our railroad station. On Saturday evening a fearful crash of artillery in the heavens hurried the timid into hiding places and startled the more brave into expectant attitudes. The only damage done here was the shattering of the lightning rod on the court-house.

GARRARD FAIR.—The Fair Ground has been changed from Mr. Cyrus M. Doty's to the beautiful woodland of Mr. Jos. Robinson, on the Engleman pike. Every preparation is being made to insure an interesting occasion. On Thursday night there will be a grand Hop at the City Hall. The Christian Aid Society will give a fine repeat on same evening, probably, at the court-house. The Lancaster Cornet Band will assist at the Fair. Wolfe's Lexington Band will furnish music for the dance.

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Letcher, of New York, are at Judge Owsley's. Mr. Granger has returned from a short sojourn at Lexington. The Hon. Geo. W. Dunlap has returned from Louisville and Frankfort after a successful business trip.

Messrs. Virgil McKnight, Owsley Dunn and Steve White, of Richmond, were in town this week. On Thursday last Messrs. P. M. McRoberts, Ephraim Owsley and Geo. McAllister, of Stanford, were here upon the occasion of the marriage of Miss Pattie Harris to Mr. Chris. Gentry. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Warren, of Stanford, were in town on Sunday. Miss Bettie Holman, one of the fair visitors in our midst, left Dr. Frazer's on Monday for her home in Louisville. Mrs. R. W. Lillard was called home on Friday by the temporary illness of her husband. Mrs. Dulaney Lackey was inured recently by a Baptist minister, and received on Sunday night into the membership of the Presbyterian Church.

## ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

## Mt. Vernon.

THE WEATHER.—Is dry and hot. Rain is needed badly.

RELIGIOUS.—Elder J. L. Allen preached two good sermons here last Sunday. There were three additions to the Church—two by restoration and one from the Methodists.

HEALTHY GOOD.—The physicians tell us that the health of our people is unusually good. There are no cases of fever, dysentery and other summer complaints. Several persons in this community are quite free from Consumption, however.

FLEAS HAVE OTHER MILLIONS TO BITE 'EM.—There are just one million fleas in this town according to a recent census. Send us, if you please, a Conway who is interested in getting up a flea "exodus." It will be more popular here than the colored one.

WHEAT THRESHING.—Has begun, and the yield is higher than usual. The grain is larger and firmer. In this connection we may mention that Mr. Wm. Stuart, of this county, sowed last Fall, on about one-eighth of an acre of ground, one gallon of "Silver Chaff, rust root wheat," sent him from the Agricultural Department. The crop when threshed, yielded 4 bushels 1 peck and 1 gallon, or about 34 bushels per acre. That's the kind of wheat to sow.

SPEAKING.—Hon. Thomas Turner, of Mt. Sterling, will address the citizens of Rockcastle, in behalf of the Democratic State ticket, at the following times: Places: Lexington, July 26th; Pine Hill, 26th; at night; Mt. Vernon, 28th (County Court day); Proctor's Store, 29th; Glasgow, 30th. Speaking to commence, except at Pine Hill, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Hon. R. S. Davis, of Mt. Sterling, will speak at Mt. Vernon, Aug. 1st, and at Pine Hill, Aug. 2nd, at residence.

DIED.—At the residence of his mother, Mrs. T. J. Brown, in London, Ky., July 10, 1879, of pneumonia, Elmer Ramsey, aged about 19 years. Deceased was a grand son of Hon. W. H. Randall, and was a young man of considerable promise. His habits were exemplary, his manners were as gentle as a woman's, and he was every inch a true-born and bred gentleman. He had for some months occupied the position of traveling salesman in the grocery-house of Glasgow, Bristol & Co., Louisville, and his strict business habits, with his genial nature, made him universally popular. It seems cruel that he should have been, while so young, selected as one of Death's victims, but we trust his spirit is at rest forevermore.

## Read and Profit Thereby.

On the 5th of this month, upon the statements of one Elberidge, of Tennessee, we, a club of ten, closed an agreement with him for the right to sell the Wesson Fire Armer in fifty-six counties of this State, agreeing to give our notes for \$2,000, payable in bank at Stanford, one year from date, at six per cent. interest. There was some delay in fixing the papers, and while they were being prepared, it leaked out, that, heretofore, Elberidge, in order to sell the rights, was accustomed to approach some of the most influential men of a neighbor-

BADLY CUT.—W. P. Gibson and Wm. Tyree, had an altercation one day last week, in regard to the rent of a wheat field. Gibson knocked Tyree down with a chair, and began to "pound" him. Tyree rose and stuck his "barlow" knife into Gibson in three places. One stab penetrated the lungs. It is thought Gibson will recover.

RALLY TO THE NOMINEE.—The Democrats of this county should not forget that the Hon. Tom Jim Ballard is their nominee for Representative. He won the nomination fairly, and that party owes it to him as well as to itself, to see that he is triumphantly elected. Mr. Ballard will be the best fight possible, and has no doubt that with the active support of his party, he will achieve success. Let us rally, brother Democrats, as one man, and elect our nominee. We can do it, and it is our own fault if we don't do it.

HON. WALTER EVANS.—Spoke here last Friday, to an audience of about 100 persons, one-fourth of whom were Democrats. We had been led to believe that Mr. Evans was something of an orator, and his audience was very much disappointed after they had listened to his common-place utterances, and tirades of abuse for two hours, to discover that he was absolutely void of oratorical fire. His speech mainly consisted of denunciations of the dominant rebelism in the Democracy of Kentucky, and of rebels generally, both living and dead. He made a few ungentlemanly flings at Dr. Blackburn, by speaking occasionally in an aside voice: "If I had money I would be at the Springs." He concluded by saying he did not intend to be Governor unless he was forced to be; and we are of opinion that if his speeches produce no more effect elsewhere than they did here, he will fall short just about 100,000 votes of an election.

PERSONAL.—Miss Annie McCall, Mrs. A. M. Terrill, Mrs. Annie Haile, and her little son, left here Monday morning, for Crab Orchard. All the young gentlemen are mourning the absence of Miss Jael Redd, who is visiting friends in Lincoln county. Miss Nannie Gilmore, of Valley Oak, and Miss Helen Conn, of Broadhead, left the latter place, Tuesday evening, accompanied by a sufficient escort for a pleasure-trip to Rockcastle River. Judge W. L. Brown and Robt. McKee, Esq., of London, two of the jolliest and best fellows alive, were in town last Friday. Hon. R. P. Gresham, of Livingston, came down to hear Walter Evans speak last week. Mr. Edwin H. Hackney, of Louisville, was in town Tuesday. Prof. J. L. Whitehead is absent this week on business in Lexington. Mr. Joe S. Wright, of Parkville, was here this week in the interest of his marble-works at that place. He succeeded in making several sales. Mr. Wright does his own work, attends to putting it up, and always gives satisfaction. He is a popular young man, and deserves to succeed. Sam Thompson is in Louisville "taking in" the city.

## WAYNE COUNTY.

## Monticello.

100°.—The thermometer reached 100° in the shade, two or three days last week.

SICK.—Mr. Chas. Orman has been quite ill of remittent fever, but is recovering. County generally healthy.

THE CROPS AND RAIN.—Portions of our county have had fine showers within the past few days. Other portions have had none since the 4th. The corn crop is looking unusually well, so far.

CAPT. CANTRILL.—Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor, addressed a good audience at the Court-house on Saturday last. And notwithstanding his worn-out condition, the Captain was able to expose the rottenness of Radicalism in a very efficient manner, and made a fine impression upon his audience. Wayne will be all right in August.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Democratic County Committee has at last taken steps to arrange matters between our candidates for the Legislature. Delegates to be chosen by each of the precincts next Saturday, who will meet the following Monday at the Court-house to make a nomination. All of the aspirants agreed to the arrangement excepting Mr. Matthew Sloan, who announced at the beginning that he would submit to no dictation from the party, but like Harper's horse, would run from "cane" to cane.

hood and offer to make them a present of a share apiece, provided they gave him the use of their names to induce others to go into the purchase. In this case, eight of the notes have been presented, but two have been withheld, for what reason, we are not informed. After making this discovery, and becoming satisfied there was an evidence of fraud, we have withdrawn from the arrangement, and hereby warn others to be on the lookout when dealing with the party referred to.

B. F. Powell, J. S. Givens, G. L. Carter, A. W. Carpenter, T. J. Foster, Levi Hubble, Wyatt Sandige, G. W. Carter, O. J. Crow.

## Bobbitt's Impudent Cross-fishing.

After reading our correspondent's report of his speech at Wayneburg, Bobbitt sat him down, and wrote a letter to Hon. John S. Owsley, who says he will have more of Bobbitt's impudent apologies. He wrote a similar letter to Dr. Montgomery, and we publish the one below to show what a cringing bootlick Bobbitt is:

CRAB ORCHARD, July 14, 1879.  
Hon. John Samuel Owsley—

DEAR SIR:—You have doubtless read an article in the Evans Journal, purporting to be a speech delivered by me at Wayneburg, in which it is said I spoke of you disparagingly. I speak of you in the highest terms—as a clever gentleman and a man of wealth, and yet you could hardly tell me. My object was to show that wealthy men could only get in by the skin of their teeth when they run against me. And, you can see at once that it would have been no credit to me to speak disrespectfully of you or Dr. Montgomery, for that would have shown that I was hard to beat. I think that piece, like Ezra Gooch's letter, was written at Stanford, the object being to induce you and Dr. Montgomery and your friends to unhook your purse-strings, in the foolish hope to save the sinking tooth and defeat me. I have nothing whatever against you. You best me, it is true; but I am satisfied with the result, and I hope you will pay no attention to reports, verbal or printed, that are told to excite you and your friends against me, and in favor of a man that could not be induced to vote for you in '77.

Truly yours, F. F. BOBBITT.

## Our Loss—Mer Gains.

To the bereaved brothers and sisters of Miss L. J. Saunders, who fell asleep in Jesus July 15th, 1879, aged 36 years:

Sitting alone by my window,  
I can see the distant hill,  
'Tis the place where they have laid her,  
Our loved one, dead and still.

Yes, they laid her "neath the daisies  
Where the stars watch o'er her grave,  
And the night-winds whisper gently,  
Through the trees that above her wave.

Just as the clouds were drifting,  
And the stars of hope shone bright,  
A shadow came quickly o'er us,  
And she was laid down to her rest.

A chair at the bedside is vacant,  
A form that we loved is not there;  
She has laid down her heavy burden,  
And gone home, her course to wear.

Oh, why do we weep for our loved one?  
When we know she's free from care?  
When we know she's with the angels,  
In the spirit land so fair.

'Tis true we miss her tender voice,  
We miss her words of love;  
But oh, the time will not be long  
Till we are re-united above.

God, to His infinite wisdom,  
Has placed our departed sister,  
And transplanted in His garden,  
There to bloom in Eden's bowers.

Would we call her back to this dreary world?  
Would we have her again take up the cross?  
No—no, as much as we miss her,  
We know 'tis her gain—though our loss.

CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., July 15, 1879.

## A Card.

This is to certify that we did not authorize Wood Little, or any other person, to sign our names to any paper stating that we would not believe Stephen Sweeney's statements when on oath.

ROBERT STEWART,  
A. H. NOOK,  
J. F. EDWARDS.

## A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the advancing season and in accordance with special instructions from Head Quarters, and in order to make sure of closing out our immense line of

## SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING

Preparatory to extensive preparations for Fall and Winter trade, we will for

## THIRTY DAYS

Offer these Goods to the cash buyers of Lincoln and surrounding Counties, at

## FIFTEEN PER CENTUM LESS

than inauguration prices. Remember that we have but ONE PRICE and in every instance SELL FOR CASH; and each day's experience gives us a renewed admiration and a better founded conviction of the mutual advantages of this system to buyer and seller. The great panacea for this debt-ridden age, as concluded by wide awake and thoughtful minds, is to buy for cash and sell for cash in order to know your income and then live within its bounds, and in the near future will dawn upon our people an era of prosperity unsurpassed by any country on earth.

We would have our friends to know that we gratefully appreciate the flattering encouragement extended to us the present, and they can rest assured that the scale of LOW PRICES inaugurated by our house will be continuously maintained, and as we become more conversant with their special wants, every grade and class of Merchandise in line will be furnished and sold to them at prices entirely unapproachable on the part of houses doing a general and indiscriminate credit business.

What we ask is simply this: Stand by us to the close of the year, and we guarantee to usher you into 1880, with well clad families, plethora pocket books, and to put you to rest upon pillows, undisturbed by dreams of unfathomable store bills, sheriff's sales, and all these kindred woes.

Study hard to know the comparative value of goods, have the moral courage to investigate the markets thoroughly; estimate seriously the real worth of one year's loan of a dollar. Note accurately the astounding usury charged you for six months' indulgence on the part of the accommodating (?) time merchant, and awake at once from the flattering delusion—pointing you as unerringly to financial destruction as the magnetic needle to the pole.

In a word: Think seriously, act sensibly, and at once abandon the old and delusive credit system. Give over your downward course to poverty and want, and join the ranks of the lucky (?) few whose every step leads to luxury, comfort and ease.

Come to see us, and rest assured that no pains upon our part shall be spared to make you supremely happy.

Truly Yours,

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

J. R.

WARREN & SON,

P. O. STORE,

Stanford, - - Ky.

Queensware,

Queensware,

Glassware,

Glassware,

In addition to our stock of Hardware, Tinware, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Confectioneries, Cigars and Tobacco, we shall hereafter keep a complete stock of Queensware and Glassware. We have just received direct from importers, an assortment of Queensware and Glassware, and sell the same at rock-bottom prices.

Having lately had our store-room lengthened, refitted and painted, we are better prepared than ever to furnish our customers with articles in our line. In Summer goods, we have Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Lemon Syrup, Sugars and Acids. Also a new lot of Candles, Seythes, Scutches, Cradle Fingers, Whetstones, Buckeye Sections, Pitchforks, Grain Shovels, Half-bushels, &c.

We intend to keep everything that belongs to our several lines of business, and whatever we have not we will get on short notice.

We respectfully invite all in need of the kind of goods we keep to give us a call.

Slit Mitts in black and light colors.

Our Organies and Lawns are beautiful and cheap.

Another large stock of Newport Ties, Button Neckties and Strap Sandals, just opened.

We would call special attention to our stock of Parasols and Fans, believing it to be the largest and cheapest assortment to be found in the city.

For the next forty days, we propose to make a price on our clothing that will sell them if times are hard, as there is now a very large force of workmen engaged in making up a stock for us for the Fall and Winter, we must make room for them. So don't look shabby any longer, when so little money will dress you like a Prince.

J. R. WARREN & SON,  
P. O. STORE.

## HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &amp;c.

A. OWSLEY, W. R. HIGGINS.

OWSLEY & HIGGINS

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE!

STOVES, TINWARE,

GROCERIES!

Salt, Lime, Cement,

Farm Implements,

Of Every Description.

We have made arrangements this season to handle the celebrated

MCCORMICK

MOWING & REAPING

MACHINES!

Which stand at the head and front of all Harvesting Machines, especially in point of durability. These Machines have two motions and the jointed reel-post. The driver can raise or lower the reel while the Machine is in motion without moving from his seat.

THE MCCORMICK

SELF-B







**A Philosophical Colored Man.**

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the Western river steamer, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the seizure and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned further. His philosophy was so peculiar, that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"  
"I had a little taste of it, sa."  
"Stood your ground, did you?"  
"No, sa, I runs."  
"Run at the first fire, did you?"  
"Yes, sa, an' would have run soon, had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."  
"Dat isn't in my line, sa; cookin's my profession."  
"Well! but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's a siffin to me by de side of life."  
"Do you consider your life more than other people's?"  
"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"  
"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would that be worth to a man wid de bief out of him? Self-preservation is de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"  
"Cause, sa, diff'rent men sets diff'rent value upon demselves; my life is in de market."

"But if you lose it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."  
"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"  
"Nuffin' whatever, sa."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."  
"Yes, sa, der would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales gainst any government dat ever existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. 'Speed dough dat de government safe, if da'll like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"  
"Maybe not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

**Lighting the Capital by Electricity.**  
The arrangements for lighting the capitol building with a new electric light are nearly completed. The experiment has already been made in the hall of the House of Representatives, and a single light placed on the front row of the reporters' gallery and over the Speaker's chair made the whole hall so light that print could be easily read at the points furthest from the burner. The plan is to place four lights in the hall, and it is now believed that they will be a very great improvement upon the present arrangement of gas burners.

Three electric machines have been purchased under the appropriations for lighting the interior of the building, and it is in contemplation to place another in position for the purpose of supplying a light of vast power upon the top of the dome. It is claimed by the inventors that a burner can be constructed there which shall have a very appreciable effect upon a large area of the city. It is claimed that with the steam power of heating and ventilating apparatus in each wing of the building, a dynamo-electric machine of 175,000 candle power can be run.—[Scientific American.]

**Ben Butler's Cow.**  
Ben Butler was called on by a person who wanted to have a talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said he, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower beds. The gate was of the height required by law, and was closed. Now I wish to know whether I can obtain damages?"

"Most assuredly," replied the widow's friend.

"Well, Mr. Butler, how much?"  
"Oh, about ten dollars."

"But, Mr. Butler," triumphantly, "the cow was yours."

"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully, and he looked unutterably things out of his head eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched at a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account, and read as follows:

"B. F. Butler, to M. —, Dr., To damages caused by cow, \$10.00, By legal advice, \$15.00. Balance due me, \$5.00."

"Mr. —," said Mr. Butler, softly, "you needn't hurry about the payment."

**Boys.**

Injuries inflicted according to the exhortation measure which passion prescribes would excite resentment in return; the injured person would become the injurer, and thus wrongs, retaliations and fresh injuries would circulate in endless succession till the world was rendered a field of blood.

Of all the passions which invade the human breast, revenge is the most direful. When allowed to remain with full dominion, it is more than sufficient to poison the few pleasures which remain to man in his present state. However much a person may suffer from injuries, he is always in hazard of suffering more from the prosecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy can not inflict what is equal to the torment he creates to himself, by means of the fierce and desperate passions which he allows to range in his soul. Those evil spirits that inhabit the regions of misery are represented as delighting in revenge and cruelty. But all that is great and good in the universe is on the side of clemency and mercy. The Almighty Ruler of the world, though for ages offended by the unrighteousness and insulted by the impiety of men, is long suffering and slow to anger. His Son, when he appeared in our nature, exhibited both in his life and in his death the most illustrious example of forgiveness which the world every beheld.

If we look into the history of mankind we shall find that in every age they who have been respected as worthy, or admired as great, have been respected for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds. A noble and magnanimous spirit is always superior to it. It suffers not from the injuries of men those shocks which others feel. Collected within itself, it stands unmoved by their impotent asaults, and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct. It has been truly said that the greatest man on earth can no sooner commit an injury than a good man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

Let coward guilt with pallid fear To shudder o'er the deed,  
And justly dread the vengeance that  
That thunders through the sky,  
Protested by that hand whose law  
The threatening stormy sky,  
Intrepid virtue smiles secure  
As in the blaze of day. A. B. O.

**He Thought it was Her Hand He Squared.**

An Ohio merchant told the following old story about himself. Where he lives is a secret, except that it is not a mile and a half from the Xenia Court-house:

"When I was about seventeen years old I made a trip to Cleveland in the old-fashioned stage coach, with its spanking four horses. At Mt. Vernon, about 4 p. m., a pretty girl came aboard. She sat on the back seat, next to an elderly farmer-like looking man, and I was on the middle seat, immediately in front of her. I soon struck up a pleasant chat with her. She was a charming talker, and almost as brilliant as she was pretty. It looked as though we were mutually pleased. When dark came I concluded there would be no harm in giving her hand a gentle squeeze, by way of a fee. I reached behind and got hold of the hand. I was a little startled at its hardness, but it returned a vice-like pressure. I squeeze again, and it squeeze back. A sense of disappointment would steal over me when in my mind I would contrast the seeming roughness of her hand with the tenderness and sweetness of her voice. The contact did not seem to arterize my blood quite up to the point of exhilaration. At last she reached her destination and left the coach. After we had started again, that old rooster who had sat beside her addressed me thusly:

"Young man, do you feel all right? You had a nice time tugging at my old hand for the last five miles—hope you enjoyed it!"

"The two young ladies on the front seat giggled all the way to the next station, and the gentlemen passengers never forgot to smile when I looked up. I have been more successful since in that line."

**MILKING.**—In milking do not seize the teat between the thumb and forefinger and drag down until the end slips from the grasp of the digits. Do not grasp, with the hands pressing the nails into the teat, with a squeeze and a pull. Grasp the teat with the thumb partly upwards, and the fingers in their natural position when closed, next the udder, and clasping the fingers in succession, force the milk downward, with a gentle pull on the udder. So proceed alternately with each hand, going farther and farther up into the udder as the flow ceases, until you have all the milk drawn. Thus you may milk easily for yourself and the cow; in fact, the cow soon comes to like the manipulation. If a few simple rules founded upon common sense were observed in milking, instead of kicking cows and holding up the milk, we should soon find our cows gentle to handle, and much vexation would be spared to milkers. It should, however, be remembered that in milking cows, gentleness is a cardinal virtue.

An exchange says that young ladies who wish to have small mouths, are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fannie Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowlers."

**Strayed by State.**

For nearly two years past, a young man wearing the garb of a Highland piper, has been wandering about the coal regions of Pennsylvania, playing his pipes in the streets, attending picnics and dances, and apparently depending on his instrument to make a living. A few days since he was playing in a mining village on the outskirts of Scranton, Pa. A crowd had gathered around him, among them a mine laborer named Braddy. Suddenly the piper ceased the music, and stepping from the crowd, seized Braddy by the shoulder and announced that the laborer was his prisoner. At the same time he produced the papers which he said were his authority for making the arrest. Braddy seemed entirely overwhelmed by the arrest, and made no opposition to the authorities when it was revealed that the piper was a detective. For two years he had been on the track of his prisoner, who is charged with having murdered a wealthy man named Finlay, in Scotland, in January, 1877. Braddy was in the employ of Finlay. Early one morning the latter was found dead by the roadside, his skull crushed with a club. Braddy had been discharged the morning before for drunkenness. He had been heard to make a threat that he would get even with Finlay, and he was nowhere to be found, but was traced to Glasgow, where it was believed he had taken a vessel for America. William Male, detective, was employed to come to this country by relatives of the murdered man, and search for Braddy, who it was thought would bring up in the Pennsylvania coal regions, where he had friends working. One of Braddy's peculiarities was his love for the bagpipe, so the detective being a piper, adopted the disguise of a Scotch piper and played about in the coal towns in the hope of some day attracting the attention of the man he was seeking, he being sure from the information he had received, that Braddy was really some where in the coal regions. The ruse succeeded after two years of patient trial. Male is now on his way to Scotland, with the alleged murderer.

**Down Fine.**

"Get your tickets at the wagon!" screamed the doorkeeper of the circus yesterday, to a young man with a girl on his arm who had a handful of change. "This is the third time you have come here without tickets, when you know I can't take money."

The young man and his girl fell back, and as they did not go near the ticket-wagon, and yet seemed very anxious to see the circus, a curious minded citizen edged around and inquired of the young man:

"Why don't you buy tickets if you want to go in?"

"Cause I'm short!" was the whispered reply. "I didn't 'low enough for incidentals when I was figuring on the cost of this thing, but I don't want the gal to know it!"

"How much are you short?"

"Only five cents. I figured that ten shillings would pay all expenses, but I got left. We spent ten cents for peanuts, ten cents on the street cars, and five in candy. I had just a dollar left to pay our way in, when the gal got a peanut stuck in her throat and I had to buy a glass of lemonade to wash it down. Didn't do it, tho', till I had pounded her on the back more'n fifty times, and tried to pull one o' them fire hydrants up by the roots!"

"I'll lend you five cents to make up your dollar," said the citizen.

"You will! by gosh! but that let's me out! I'd made up my mind to tell the gal that the tigers had got loose and the hyenas had run mad, but she's longheaded and might not have believed it. Thankee, sir, and the first time I'm in town I'll pay it back. Hang it! I order figgered on 'leven shillings 'stead of ten, but you've made me happy for life. Come, Bet!"

A miner in the Black Hills, writing to a friend, told of a horrible reminder of the fearful snow storms of last winter, and of the perils of those who were caught out and lost their way on the plains. He says that recently, while he and two others were crossing the country, they came upon the skeleton of a horse, with a grinning skull looking out at them from between the ribs of the animal, like a prisoner peering through the bars of his cell. The two skeletons told the whole story. The man had killed his horse, cut him open, crawled inside of him, thinking thus to escape perishing of cold, but the flesh of the animal froze solid, and the man was as much of a prisoner as if he had been shut in by walls of iron. The wolves and carion birds had stripped the greater part of the flesh from both skeletons.

About the toughest story that was ever told on St. Peter is in connection with an editor who sought admission at the golden gate. St. Peter, in all the pride of a spotless character, bade the man of the newspaper stand back. Three times he was thus rebuffed by the saint. Before risking it the fourth time, that editorial stool stepped back a few paces, winked solemnly at the gate-keeper, flopped his arms and crowded. Peter immediately tumbled to the racket, and let him in. Moral—There's nothing like having a record.

**Swearing His Wife.**

A man on Centre-avenue undertook the other day to give his wife a healthy scare, so as to make her more obedient and agreeable in the future; so he put up a quarrel with her, and bounding up stairs, dipped his razor in brickdust and water, which he had prepared for the occasion, spilled some of that awe-inspiring composition on the floor, and flung himself down on the floor with a crash, grasping the brick-dust-and-water-stained razor in his hand. He waited eagerly to hear a frightful shriek ring through the house, and to see a woman with an awful white face and great lament self-accusing eyes totter up the stairs, gasp—"Oh! my husband!" and go off into a set of hysterics in seven acts and ten tableaux. He was, however, doomed to disappointment. His wife meandered slowly up stairs, remarking, "You peaky fool, you'll break your neck yet some of these days if you persist in putting both legs in your trousers simultaneously," and when she opened the door and saw the horrible sight she said, "Well, I didn't think he had the courage and sense of decency to do it. However, I look well in black, and it's a mercy I took up the bed-room carpets to-day and sent them to be cleaned." Then she called to the servant girl: "M'rias! come here—your master has killed himself!" and when the girl came and said, "Haden't I better run for the doctor? I think I see his left leg moving a little." The Spartan matron replied, "No; there's no use throwing good money after bad. I want you to see that I didn't kill him, and then run down to the Tribune office and tell them to send a reporter up here for a scoop on the other papers, and if you breathe a word of this to any one before the other papers have gone to press, I'll tell you, your woman, that you'll buy your raven tresses." Then she went down stairs, locking the door after her, after audibly wondering whether the corpse would keep. And after about twenty minutes of impatient waiting for her flinty heart to melt, the corpse had to give it up and go and pound on the door to be let out.—[Chicago Tribune.]

**Total Depravity.**

Cases of more complete depravity than that of young Joseph De Meza, a Cuban, are hard to find. He cheated his employers in Matanzas, out of \$8,000. Then he worked upon this till he got to Chicago, where he got into the Young Men's Christian Association, and for a while worked the confidence game beautifully. Next he was in Brooklyn, equally successful, and after that he did a large work in a small way in New York, imposing on the Christians in this city. His conduct in Brooklyn helped him, for if any of his victims thrashed him, he could be sure of liberal sympathy on explaining that Jews beat him for his apostasy. Finally he cheated so many people that he had to be discovered, and he is arrested. His pertinent remarks after arrest are the pith of his moral: "Why just see how few young men could make the money I have made by my wits. Since the beginning of last winter I have cleared over \$1,000 in my way; and, instead of having worked hard, I have had plenty of time to play the gentleman, and had lots of fun. I believe actually, that I am totally depraved. I do not look upon these things as you do. You seem horrified—I feel delighted, except that I hate this present result of my conduct." For such fellows as he, there ought to be some full-sized punishment. Then he might "look upon these things" as others do.—[Hartford Current.]

Eight years ago one of our most successful merchant manufacturers died, leaving to his only son a magnificent estate in the North, including perhaps, the most costly private house in the kingdom, and half a million sterling in cash. How splendid was the residence may be gathered from the fact that the billiard-room alone, with its decorations, cost about \$850,000, a single fire place \$10,000, and the bedstead on which the owner slept no less than \$7,500. Descending to minor details, the leather coverings of some of the seats cost \$90 a yard, and the spittoons in the smoking room, \$100 each. At the end of eight years the house was a penniless bankrupt, and the son was, with all its contents, even the \$100 spittoons have been sold at auction, and the proceeds will go only a little way towards paying the debts of the silly scapegrace.

The first State election this year will be that of Kentucky, on August 4th. The others come in order as follows: California, September 3rd; Maine, September 8th; Ohio and Iowa, October 7th; Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Wisconsin, November 3rd. Governors are elected in all the States named, except Mississippi, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

**A WHEAT EXPERIMENT.**—A committee of agriculturists in Michigan sowed 68 lbs. of wheat per acre in drills sixteen inches apart. The grain was hoed with a horse hoe once in the Fall and twice in the Spring. On another acre 90 lbs. were drilled in the usual way. The sixteen inch drills gave 69½ per cent. more wheat than the eight inch, and the latter lodged badly, while the former did not at all.

**MARKETS.**

STANFORD.

The retail prices for provisions, etc., are as follows:

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**Cincinnati.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Paul.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c	Bacon, clear sides...	5c
Beacon, hams...	10c	Lard...	5c
Beacon, necks...	8c	Butter...	15c
Flour...	10c	Butter...	15c
Butter...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Brown sugar...	15c	White sugar...	10c
Salt, 7 lbs. barrel...	25c	Vinegar...	40c
Irish Potatoes...	15c	Corn, per barrel...	80c
Coal, on car...	15c	Coal, delivered...	15c

**St. Louis.**

Beacon, shoulders...	5c